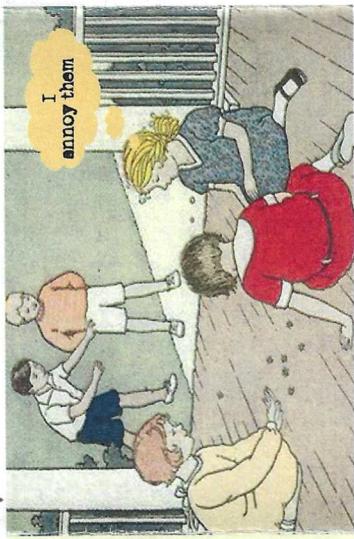
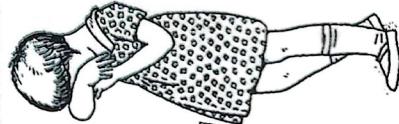


As I child I frequently felt sad for no discernable reason. One minute I would be laughing with my friends and the next there would be an invisible wall around me and continuing on like it wasn't there made it worse. My heart felt heavy, my head too full, my voice would leave me. I would get angry because I had two parents who loved me and a nice house. Not everyone in my school had these things. I didn't have the right to be sad. When I told my friends I didn't know what was wrong they assumed I was lying. I wasn't.



I loved to read books because they gave me friends and made me feel less alone in my pain. At least when they were upset I understood why.

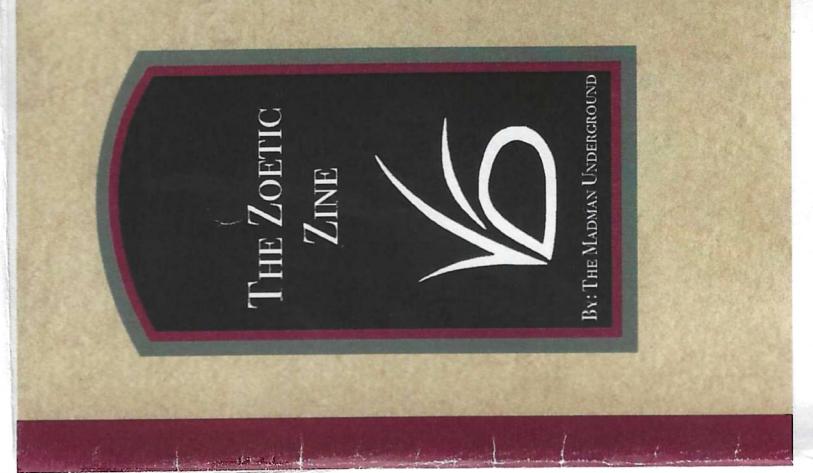


A series of unfortunate events was closer to my heart than anything else I'd ever read. The despair and sorrow strangely made me feel welcome. In a world of pain, I had found something else that was real. I thought if these characters who were real problems can carry on then so could I.

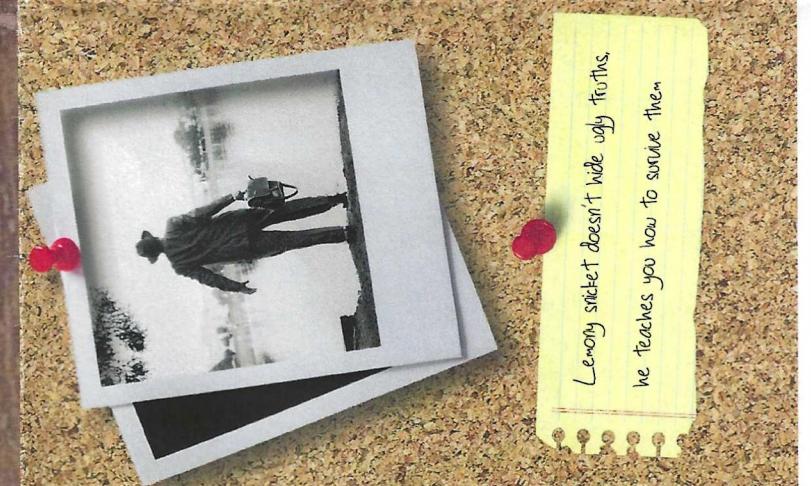
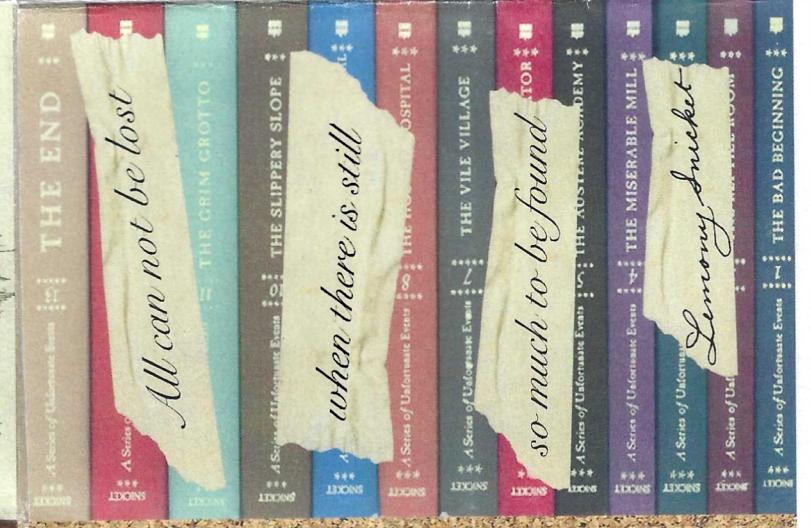
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Hotline Document



My teachers called it being mature for my age, I called it bullshit.



To: Evan Nave
Front: Amanda Trimble
File under: prose, literacy,zines, creative writing,etc
1/2.
cc: Bradley University